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# A Stew in a Studio

Eccentric Comedy



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# A STEW IN A STUDIO

OR

## CABBAGES VERSUS ROSES

*An Eccentric Comedy in Three Acts*

BY

AMELIA SANFORD

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# A STEW IN A STUDIO.



## CHARACTERS.

- ROSE MADDER..... *An Art Student.*
- OLIVE GREEN..... *An Art Student.*
- ANNA MATION.
- VERE DE VERE MILLION..... *An Artist.*
- ORVILLE E. RICH.
- SI ENNA..... *A Farmer.*
- KITTY DUFFY..... *A Servant.*
- FLYNN..... *A Policeman.*
- POLICE-SERGEANT.
- MAGISTRATE.
- AMBULANCE-SURGEON.
- EIGHT GUESTS.

NOTE :—Three of the guests may be doubled by the Magistrate, Sergeant, and Surgeon.

LOCALITY—New York.

TIME OF PERFORMANCE—An hour and a quarter.



## SYNOPSIS.

ACT I.—The Studio. Two lovers in hiding, both men. The love-letter and bunch of roses. The roses are purloined and the letter falls on the cabbages. ROSE reads the letter; indignation—"Am I a cabbage-head!" A volunteer

model on canvas. A panic caused by a snoring Bust, and a voice from above results in a catastrophe. Invasion by POLICE and arrest of the BUST and PEDESTAL.

ACT II.—The Court-room. The POLICEMAN's vain attempt to formulate a charge against some one—he does not know which one,—thinks it is the BUST. The MAGISTRATE's dilemma.

ACT III.—The Sheet and Pillow-case masquerade. Mistaken identity. A mix-up. The right men, but the wrong girls. Mutual—but mistaken—confidential confessions disclose the mistakes made under cross purposes, and the right men get the right girls and all is lovely.

### COSTUMES.

ROSE MADDER. ACTS I. and II.—Large black studio-apron, high neck and long sleeves. ACT III.—Sheet-and-pillow-case drapery, over fancy-dress as "ROSE";—This may be of white organdie over red, with small red silk cap trimmed with green leaves or smilax. Or the whole costume may be made of crepe paper. Be careful that it goes well with the roses which she has to carry.

OLIVE GREEN. ACT I.—Same as ROSE. ACT II.—Same. ACT III.—Sheet-and-pillow-case over any fancy dress; but an arrangement all in green is best.

ANNA MATION. ACT I.—Ordinary street costume. Afterwards, any picturesque dress, 1830 or Empire style, with large bonnet. Then street costume as at first. ACT II.—Same, street-costume. ACT III.—Sheet-and-pillow-case over fancy dress; might be the same used when posing in ACT I.

VERE DE VERE MILLION. ACTS I. and II.—Ordinary dress; or he may wear loose velvet jacket and cap, with Windsor tie. ACT III.—Sheet-and-pillow-case drapery, over fancy costume, style of "Sir Walter Raleigh."

ORVILLE E. RICH. ACTS I. and II.—Ordinary dress. ACT III.—Sheet-and-pillow-case drapery, over fancy dress.

SI ENNA. ACT I. and II.—Burlesque country costume; large hat, old-fashioned collar and very deep cuffs, spattered with daubs of paint; chin-whiskers; high boots, etc. ACT III.—Sheet-and-pillow-case drapery, over fancy dress. "Uncle Sam," would be good.

KITTY DUFFY. Maid's costume;—cap, apron, linen collar and cuffs.

FLYNN. Police uniform.

SERGEANT. Dark-blue uniform; visor cap, with coat-of-arms in gilt.

AMBULANCE-SURGEON. White linen suit.

GUESTS. Sheet-and-pillow-case drapery, over fancy-dress.

### SCENE PLOTS.

ACT I.—Easel, with half-finished head; or the easel may be kept turned away from audience. Mahl-stick, brushes, palette, tube of red paint, upon a small folding stool near easel; high-backed chair, pedestal with bust (antique if possible) table, bench; dummy (small painted wooden doll). In corner, L. R., a curtained recess, stopping just enough below ceiling to allow room for a man's head. Cover the curtain with fancy gim-cracks, bric-a-brac cheap or not easily broken,—bronzed shield, or shields covered with college colors. Also several large boxes to stand upon, and place one just where RICH can put his head into it as he falls.

ACT II.—Magistrate's desk, chair;—the desk may be merely a large table, or it may be a high desk with a railing across the top.

ACT III.—Same as I.—But have a number of busts or plaster casts around the wall. Table, table-cloth, dishes, punch-bowl, etc. Large plate of salad. Large bunch of lettuce.

### INCIDENTAL PROPERTIES.

Bunch of roses, letter, for RICH. Cabbages for OLIVE. Green cloak for MILLION. Large prayer-book for ANNA. Watch for ROSE. Two plates of chicken salad for KITTY.

### STAGE DIRECTIONS.

As seen by a performer on the stage facing the audience, R. means right-hand; L., left-hand; C., center of stage. R. R. rear right; R. L., rear left; R. F., right front; L. F., left front; C. F., center front. There is only one entrance (and exit) at right of rear.

# A STEW IN A STUDIO.

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## ACT. I.

SCENE.—A Studio. See SCENE PLOT. Exit at Right Rear. Table, Right Center. High chair, Center. Curtained recess, Left Rear. Pedestal with bust, Left Front. Easel, with bench, Right-Front.

ENTER OLIVE GREEN, carrying cabbages.

OLIVE (*places them on table, comes center, facing audience*). Now for my beautiful idea:—A still life—shades of green— (*As she talks, she steps about, pulls out table, arranging cabbages, etc.*) No high lights; all subdued, harmonious, restful. (*Stands off; attitude of rapture*) Divine! (*Looks at them through closed fist*) Exquisite! (*Goes R. F., half-closes eyes, looks at them with head on one side*) Restful! But I need a background. [EXIT R. R.]

ENTER ORVILLE E. RICH, carrying roses.

RICH (*looking about*). Ah, my exquisite Rose is not here; however, she soon will be. This note (*taking out letter and opening it*) will explain to her my feelings, and I will lay it with the flowers on this er—er—(*picks up stool and looks at it*)—er—article of furniture. (*Lays flowers carefully on stool. Reads note aloud*)

“To Miss Rose Madder,  
Dothewurst Sketch Club—

“My Dear Miss Madder:—

“I have long wished to convey to you my real feelings. Reflecting on your appearance and characteristics, it seemed well to leave here a little of those fair flowers of which I am most reminded when I gaze upon you.

“Faithfully yours,

“ORVILLE E. RICH.”

(*Speaks*). Dear me, how inadequate language can be at

times! I wanted to say that she looks just like a rose, and so I brought roses. But it seemed so abrupt, not to say personal. Perhaps this will be all right. (*Reads again*)—"To leave an offering of those fair flowers, of which I am most reminded when I gaze upon you." (*Speaks thoughtfully*) Seems plain enough—(*Listening*) Here she comes! I can't get out—too embarrassing to meet her now—(*Rushes wildly about; sees curtains*) The very thing! (*Gets behind curtain, knocking over a box*)

ENTER OLIVE GREEN *hurriedly*.

OLIVE. I declare, it seems as if some one were in here. (*Comes front.*) Well, I shall have to go on hunting for my green background. I can't find *anything*; green velvet would be the right thing. (*Sees roses*) Oh, what a study in red—with red plush! (*Picks up roses, hurries out; as she goes, RICH's note falls on the cabbages*) I must get some water for them at once. [EXIT R. R.]

RICH (*pushing back curtain, wiping face with handkerchief*). Fury, it's hot in here! Wonder if I can't get some air. (*Piles up boxes behind curtain, climbs up on them, hastily closing curtain and looking over top of it*)

ENTER ROSE R. R.

ROSE (*looking about*). I do wonder what that queer noise was! Why, that curtain is crooked. (*RICH hastily withdraws head, clutching curtains with hands, feet, knees, or anything.*) How queerly it is fastened inside. Humph! (*Turning away*) I suppose that Miss Muddle has some precious clay image or putty figure hidden away. (*Goes center. Rich kisses hand to her over curtain.*) Stay there, old putty-head; I don't want you! (*Sees cabbages*) Why, where did those come from? And they're for me—how queer! (*Opens note—consternation on RICH's face. ROSE reads aloud*) "My Dear Miss Madder:—" (*Speaks*) Um—um—Well, I don't understand! (*Reads*) It seemed well (*slowly*) to leave—here—a—little—offering—of those fair flowers of which I am most reminded when I gaze upon you. Faithfully yours, Orville E. Rich." (*Looks at cabbages steadily for some seconds. Speaks*) So, I'm a cabbagehead, am I? WELL!! (*Bursts out crying*) Y d-d-don't care! I think it's *too mean!* [EXIT R. R.]

RICH. Now, where on earth were those roses! Just my blooming bad luck!

ENTER ROSE R. R.



ROSE. I'm going to throw the old things out, anyway; and I shall *never* let him know I got them, or his horrid old note. (*Stamps foot, gathers up cabbages*) [EXIT R. R.]

RICH. This has turned out quite otherwise from what I had planned. One thing is clear; this is not a propitious moment for meeting her. I must keep quiet, and when Vere de Vere-Million comes in, I'll have to ask him to keep her at a safe distance till I get safely out of this. I'd rather ask any one else. What business has a fellow to be rich and an artist too?

ENTER VERE DE VERE-MILLION, *green velvet cloak over arm.*

RICH. Hello!

MILLION. Hello (*looks about*), but where are you? Funny; no one about, but I could swear some one spoke. (*Goes over near curtain; picks up dummy doll; absurd business of shaking hands with it*) Did you speak, you block-head?

RICH. Stop calling names, will you?

MILLION (*looking up*). What are you doing up there on the ceiling?

RICH. Being miserable. Million, help me out of a scrape, that's a good fellow!

MILLION (*listens a moment, then walks rear hurriedly*). I'd help you, but I'm afraid of being caught myself. I annoyed a certain young lady of my acquaintance, and she won't speak to me. But there's a studio dance to-night—sheet and pillow-case, you know, with fancy dress underneath—and I shall speak to her before I unmask. So long, old man—I'll send the janitor—(*turns back*) Where did I leave my cloak? (*Voices heard*) There now, there she comes, and if she sees me hanging around this sacred easel, she'll never get over it. (*Excitedly*) I'll have to hide! (*Gets behind pedestal of bust*)

ENTER OLIVE R. R.

OLIVE. Why, where are my cabbages? (*Sees cloak.*) Here's the very identical background I've been hunting for all day. Now, I'll have to get more cabbages.

[EXIT R. R., *carrying cloak.*

MILLION. A narrow escape, eh, Rich?

RICH. Let's make a bolt of it; I'm nearly roasted here. Oh, here's some one else!

ENTER ANNA MATION *and* ROSE R. R.

ROSE. I think my heart will break. The idea of being treated so! (*Goes to easel; stands looking at it*) Well, women must work, heartache or no heartache. Nan, dear—

ANNA. Well?

ROSE. My model is very ill.

ANNA. Your what?

ROSE. The model; poses to me, you know; and she's just your height and coloring; and oh, Nan! I *wish*—

ANNA. I'm sort of busy, just now; but if I can do anything for you at odd times this week—

ROSE (*joyfully*). Oh, Nan, *would* you? I'd be so grateful! It won't take up too much of your time, would it?

ANNA. Oh, I can manage. What is it you do?

ROSE. You dress in the costume, and then you pose in the desired attitude.

ANNA. What attitude?

ROSE. Just sit in a high-backed chair, holding a prayer-book with your bonnet on.

ANNA. A prayer-book with my bonnet on? What do I put my bonnet on a prayer-book for?

ROSE (*slowly sarcastic*). You sit with your bonnet on, idiot, holding a prayer-book—supposed to be listening for the church-bells, I suppose. It's for the cover of the Harper's Buzzer.

ANNA. All right; is the costume in your locker?

ROSE. Yes. (*Hands her the keys.*) [EXIT ANNA R. R.]

(ROSE *arranges chair etc., for sitting. As she moves about, MILLION dodges from side to side of the pedestal. RICH watches from curtain-top, once he sneezes, and dodges down hastily as she looks around.*)

ENTER ANNA, R. R.

ROSE. Nan, I'm so glad to see you! I have a queer feeling, as if I were being watched.

ANNA (*getting into chair*). Well, you're not. You've worked in this old studio till you're one bundle of nerves.

ROSE (*arranging her*). There! (*Steps back to easel*) Do you feel all right, dear?

ANNA. Perfectly. Do I *look* all right?

ROSE. You're simply *sweet*. But don't look so cheerful; you're about to start for church, you know.

ANNA. Well, why shouldn't I look cheerful? It's not to be my funeral service, is it?

ROSE. Oh,—you know what I mean: look as if you were

having high and lofty thoughts, like what you have at the sound of the church-bell, you know.

ANNA. I don't have 'em! I just wonder if my hat is on straight.

ROSE. Oh, Nan! (*laughs*) Well, anyhow:—lift your eyes—*not* your whole head— (*ANNA does as instructed*) Roll up your eyes, and fix them on the wall over there. (*Pointing with mahl stick*)

ANNA. I'd rather keep them in my head. Oh! (*Hastily as ROSE starts up, shaking her mahl-stick*) I'll be good! (*Attitude*) How's that?

ROSE. Fine. (*Paints*)  
(*Silence.*)

ANNA. Rose!

ROSE. What?—Oh, don't look at me, you'll get all out of drawing. What is it?

ANNA. I don't want to interrupt you, but there's a spider crawling on my ear.

ROSE. No, it's a lock of your hair.

ANNA. Well, it tickles.

ROSE. Don't mind; it will spoil the shading around your temples if you brush it back.

ANNA. I'll try not to mind.  
(*ROSE goes on painting. Silence*)

ANNA. Rose!

ROSE. Well?

ANNA. What makes this prayer-book so heavy?

ROSE. I guess it's the Thirty-Nine Articles; some people think them of great weight.

ANNA. Dear me!

(*ROSE goes on painting. Long silence.*)

ANNA. Rose!

ROSE. Well?

ANNA. My foot's going to sleep.

ROSE. You won't mind when you get used to it.

ANNA. How soon shall I get used to it?

(*ROSE goes on painting. Silence.*)

ANNA. Rose?

ROSE. Well?

ANNA. I don't believe I can spare more than an hour, just now.

ROSE. All right, dear. (*Goes on painting*)

ANNA (*impatiently*). Well, it's more than an hour now, isn't it?

ROSE. Mercy, no!

ANNA. How long is it?

ROSE (*looking at watch*). Nineteen minutes.

ANNA. Gracious!

(*Silence.*)

ANNA. Rose!

ROSE (*sharply*). Shut your mouth!

ANNA (*rising indignantly*). Why, Rose Madder, what do you mean by speaking to me like that!

ROSE (*appealingly*). Dearest, will you sit down and keep your mouth closed a minute? I'm at work at the corner of your upper lip, and I'm so afraid you will lose the pose.

ANNA. Now I'm up, let me look at it. (*Looks over Rose's shoulder*) Why! (*Disgusted, pointing*) Do you mean to tell me I look like that wall-eyed, wry-necked, red-nosed—

ROSE. Why, I haven't got in all the values yet. This is the beginning of the composition.

ANNA. It looks like the beginning of a Decomposition. (*Walks front*) Those cheeks are exactly the color of a moldy cheese!

ROSE. Well, just pose a little, tiny bit longer, till I get some color into them. (*Squeezes a great quantity of red paint out on to palette*)

(ANNA resumes pose. ROSE goes on painting. MILLION goes to sleep behind the pedestal, and begins to snore gently at regular intervals.)

ANNA. I hear a sound.

ROSE. It's one of the subway trains.

ENTER SI ENNA. *Stares about. Comes c.*

SI. Good-mornin', gals. Is this the Dothewurst Studdy-oh?

ROSE (*correcting his pronunciation*). This is a Stu-dio.

SI. Stewed what?

ROSE (*still speaking very distinctly*). This is Dothewurst Studio. Did you want any of the students?

SI. Stewed ants? No, thank you! I don't want any stewed ants! I've et my breakfast.

ANNA. May I ask if you are here to see some particular person?

SI. Wall, no; he ain't so particular as some; when he was at our house, last summer, painting a picture in our back yard, he used the clean clothes Ma'd just hung out, to wipe his brushes on. No, he ain't what you'd call *partic'ler*. But he had the same name as this here studdy-oh.

ANNA and ROSE. Professor Dothewurst! (Are you a friend of his? (They come down and stand one on each side, looking up at him))

SI. Well, no; I ain't exactly a friend to no feller what paints up all my best Sunday collars and cuffs. Ye sh'd have seen me goin' to meetin' the next Sabbath! Ma, she couldn't get the paint out no way; and I hadn't no others; so I jest had to wear 'em. But I sure was riled. There was green and yellow streaks on my collar, and one cuff was all different shades of red; 'nd the other was the victim of his tryin' to get something that looked like a sunset. And I had to pass the plate, that Sunday; and every time I reached out over a pew, them pesky cuffs was revealed in all their glory. Par, he ses on the way home,—“Si, them colors was so loud we couldn't hear the singin'.” No, I ain't no friend to the Professor. But he was spreading paint all over a little, teeny scrap of canvas; said it was “to order”; and the sum he expected to get for that was more than we paid for having the whole barn painted. So I thought I'd come to town, this bein' a dull time at home, and see if I could get the Professor to give me the price of them spoiled cuffs in a few lessons in the noble art of chargin' high prices.

ROSE. Well, if the Professor comes in, we'll tell him. What name shall I say?

SI. Enna; Si Enna is my name. (Starting out R., talking as he goes) I'll just get my bag stowed away, get a few collars that don't look like Fourth o' July, and then I'll be back after a while, and— [EXIT R. R.]

(ROSE and ANNA begin re-arranging pose. MILLION gives a loud snore. THEY scream.)

ANNA. WHAT was that!

(Another snore. RICH sneezes, then hastily ducks down.)

ROSE. It was that bust over there. (Starts to see)

ANNA (pulling her back). Oh, Rose, don't! Come away!

RICH (behind curtain). That's right; don't interfere with a man when he's on a bust.

ROSE (running R., drops palette, paint-side up). GHOSTS!!

[EXIT R. R. screaming.]

ANNA (looking about fearfully). I wonder if there are spirits here.

RICH (in deep tones). Yea, verily; spirits of turpentine!

ANNA (stepping back). Oh, I am so frightened! (Faints,

*falling with side of face on ROSE's palette, gets smudges of red on face, dress and hands)*

MILLION (*coming out*). Poor little girl, she's frightened almost to death. (*Tries to revive her*)

RICH. It was a shame— (*Pushing back curtains, and getting down*) But the situation was becoming intolerable. (*Coming c.*) So I spoke.

MILLION. I should say you did, you cheerful idiot. (*Looks about*) And here's a palette all set with red paint, and—ye gods, what a ghastly picture! I guess that's what made her faint. Well, I'll go call a doctor. (*Listening*) I believe Miss Madder is coming back. (*RICH hastily goes behind curtains*)  
[EXIT MILLION.]

ENTER SI ENNA, R. R.

SI. Hello, what in the nation! (*Sees ANNA*) What ails this girl? (*Looks at her horrified*) Blood! blood all over her, and she—dead; one o' them beauteous young stewed-ants with whom I was conversin' just previous to the last time I went out of here. I'd better be calling for help.

[EXIT R. R. *with a rush.*]

RICH. I must make a bolt for it, now. (*Stumbles, and falls, curtain all about him—shields, etc., sticking out in every direction; gets head jammed into one of the boxes, his hands tangled up in curtain; stumbles about*)

ENTER POLICEMAN, *followed by* SI.

POLICE. What's all this? What's this wooden-headed porcupine dancing about? (*Rapid pantomime; RICH finally caught and held by SI*)

SI. Now, officer, go on, and see what proceedin's are necessary to proceed with for that lovely damsel now weltering in her gore.

POLICE. She sure is. (*Looking at her, feels pulse, etc.*) But she's not dead. I'll ring up an ambulance. [EXIT R. R.]

ENTER ROSE, R. R.

ROSE. Oh,—what does it all mean?

RICH (*struggling violently in SI's arms*). Rose, dearest!

ROSE (*haughtily, to SI*). Sir, you surprise me!

SI. That language, dear lady, did not proceed from me, but from this here assortment of old junk which I am now trying to control. (*Puts RICH finally on floor, and sits on him*)

ENTER POLICEMAN, followed by AMBULANCE SURGEON.

POLICE. Here, Doctor, here's the lady.

(ANNA opens eyes. SURGEON raises her to sitting position. She looks about, dazed.)

SURGEON. Any pain, madam?

ROSE. Oh, Anna dear, what is it?

ENTER OLIVE, followed by MILLION.

OLIVE. Oh Doctor, do save our poor dear friend!

SURGEON. She seems to be covered with blood, and yet I can find no cuts or abrasions.

ROSE. Anna, dear, who hurt you?

ANNA. No one; but that bust over there began to talk—

ALL. Where?

ANNA (pointing). That one. And—I—don't—(confused; hand to head) know what happened next. But—Rose! what's this stuff all over me?

ROSE (excitedly). Why, Anna Mation! You've fallen into the crimson lake!

ANNA (looking about). Lake? Where?

ROSE. On my palette; I dropped it, and you—but where is it? (Runs about, hunting)

ANNA (sitting up). I didn't get into any lake.

SURGEON (pointing to ROSE). What's the matter with her?

ANNA. The chief thing that ails her is, she's lost her wits, I think.

SURGEON. Temporary derangement? I'd better look after her.

ANNA. She's feeling bad because she has no palette; you can't get on without a palette, you know.

SURGEON (with interest). I should say not. How can she speak so plainly? I never saw a case like it. (Follows ROSE about)

POLICE. What kind of a crazy mess is this? (Looks off R.) I see the street-sergeant; I'll speak to him; 'tis too much for me. [EXIT R. R.]

SURGEON (to ROSE—puts hand on her shoulder—tries to open her mouth). Don't be excited, young lady. Is it true that you have no palate?

ROSE (indignantly—trying to push him away). Yes; but what are you doing to my mouth? G'way!

SURGEON. I'm trying to make out how you can speak so plainly without any palate.

(*Lively action; SURGEON and ROSE, SI and RICH.*)

RICH. It's time for more than speech—

(*Jumps up suddenly, upsetting SI, stumbles and falls on top of him, and the two of them upset the SURGEON.*)

ENTER POLICEMAN, followed by SERGEANT.

SERGEANT. Now, now! what's all this? (*To SURGEON*) I guess there's no one here sick enough for you, is there, Doctor?

SURGEON. I'd like to watch one case here, but it's not in my line, and I've a lot of cases in senior surge,—so good-bye. [EXIT R. R.]

SERGEANT. Flynn, you should arrest the one that started the mischief. Who was it?

ANNA and ROSE (*pointing to bust*). That.

FLYNN (*attitude; front-centre; staring at bust*). Well, honest to goodness, how would any one arrest *that!*

SERGEANT. Come, come; let's get on; Magistrate's Court No 4 is right next door, and he's there now. Go ahead; Flynn, you take the bust, and I'll close the procession with this assortment of miscellany. (*Seizing RICH, who kicks out in all directions; mistakes RICH's foot for a hand, and RICH walks on his hands, and other foot*)

## QUICK CURTAIN.

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## ACT II.

SCENE.—*Magistrate's Court Room. See Scene Plot.*

MAGISTRATE *sitting at desk, R. F., back to audience. Great noise outside.*

ENTER FLYNN, *bust under one arm, carrying pedestal; sets it up, C. F., followed by MILLION, OLIVE, ANNA, ROSE, SI, and SERGEANT dragging RICH.*

SERGEANT. Your Honor, this looks like a case of Breach of the Peace—I found officer Flynn, of the 19th precinct, having some trouble, and we brought them all around here. These are the *prisoners*.

MAGISTRATE (*looks at them astonished*). Hold up your right hand. *To POLICE*) You do solemnly swear that the evidence you are about to give shall be the truth, the whole



truth, and nothing but the truth — s' keep you — go ahead.

POLICE. This morning, about half-an-hour ago, this gent here (*pointing to SI*) came hollering down from a place they call Dothewurst Studio, and wanted me to come up there, some lady had been killed. I does, and there I sees this here "what-is it" (*pointing to RICH*) dancing about, and this here young lady (*pointing to ANNA*)—a-layin' on the floor, with blood all over her,—or what looked like it. So I goes to ring up an ambulance; and when I gets back with a surgeon, here she sits up, sayin' she wasn't dead, and no one contradicts her; on the contrary, that other young lady there said she'd fallen into a crimson lake—and where was the lake, I dunno—and that box on legs begins yelling; and the Doctor started to operate on one of the young ladies for talkin' too much, and the Sergeant comes in and tells me to arrest this here graven image, (*laying hand on bust*) and—

MAGISTRATE (*interrupting angrily*). See here, see here,—what sort of a yarn is this? Officer, will you tell a straight story?

POLICE. How *can* I tell a straight story about such a pipe-dream as that there studio was? The street-sergeant, he come in and seen it, the same as I. Ask him, yer Honor.

MAGISTRATE. Sergeant, what have you to say?

SERGEANT. Well, it seems to be a general mix-up. But there's some trick about this bust that set them all off, and some fellow tangled up in that curtain seems to have scared the young ladies half out of their wits.

MAGISTRATE (*to RICH*). You boxed-up man, what have you to say?

RICH. Your Honor, I only ask to get out of this smothering thing.

(SERGEANT and POLICE try to pull him out; cries of "Ouch!" from RICH; screams and exclamations from girls.)

MAGISTRATE. You certainly got into a tight box, this time. Take him to the carpenter in the next street, get that box taken off, and bring him back later.

RICH. I feel like accusing some one of attempted manslaughter.

MAGISTRATE. Whom?

RICH. Vere de Vere Million.

MILLION. Huh?

RICH. Oh, you're there, are you? If you'd not left me sweltering in this thing till I was nearly frantic—

MAGISTRATE. Who put you in there?

RICH. That—er—er—I could hardly tell it was all so sudden.

MILLION (*pointing to RICH*). Your Honor, I accuse *him*. He nearly caused the death of a young lady by frightening her—

ROSE. And he called me a cabbage-head—

RICH. What!

MAGISTRATE. But what's this bust doing here?

ANNA and ROSE. Why, that's what frightened us so.

MAGISTRATE. How?

ANNA. It snored.

MAGISTRATE (*sitting back in disgust, begins putting away papers, etc.*). I've heard every sort of criminal, but I never expected to pass judgment on a snoring bust. It's well for you I'm a good-natured man, or I'd send you all to the County Asylum;—accent on the first syllable: *ass*, hey Sergeant? (*They laugh*) The whole thing is, some sneak thief tried to scare you. Any articles missing there lately?

OLIVE. My cabbages—

ROSE. *Your cabbages?*

MILLION. And my green velvet cloak—

OLIVE. *Your green velvet cloak?*

(ALL *stare at each other.*)

MAGISTRATE. I should say the real perpetrator of the mischief had not yet been found. Here we find a well-disposed young man, tightly fastened in a box, and nearly helpless in the folds of some heavy material, which has the appearance of having been violently twisted about him; a young lady unconscious for some time, with something on her that looks like the work of the Black Hand; various articles missing, further damages not yet fully known. Sergeant, what do you suggest?

SERGEANT. I think, your Honor, that a watch might be kept on the premises to-night.

MAGISTRATE. Very good. Meanwhile, you can all go home on your own recognizances, except that Boxer (*pointing to RICH*), and I'll hold him in a thousand dollar bail for further hearing to-morrow at ten o'clock. You will all have to return as witnesses. Give me your names. (*Beginning to write*)

CURTAIN.

## ACT III.

SCENE.—*Studio. Furniture as in ACT I. Plaster-casts against wall, table set, rear, for refreshments. Lights low.*

ENTER FLYNN R. R.

FLYNN (*looking about fearfully, steps cautiously*). 'Tis entirely too much loike a cimit'ry to be pleasant. Howiver, "ye must watch," sez the sergeant, and that's what I'll do. (*Walks about; knocks on wall with club*) Nothin' doin'; I'll just rest a bit. If this wuz a cimit'ry, the ghosts wud soon begin to walk.

(*Comes around in front of easel. Sits down on bench and settles for a nap.*)

ENTER MILLION *in sheet and pillow-case. Goes L. F., sits in high-backed chair. Pushes up drapery a little, showing face to audience. Wipes face with a corner of the sheet.*

MILLION. Well, my dear little Olive will soon be here, and then I'll settle the matter. I heard her say she would come to the studio early, so as to see the maid they've hired to cater for us. She'll certainly come in here, and then I'm going to find out *why* she doesn't like me. (*Yawns*) So much excitement tires a man out; I'm—going—to—wait—(*Yawns*) till—she—(*Sleeps*)

ENTER RICH; *comes c.*

RICH. Now I'm going to find out, before the rest of these tiresome people come, why on earth Rose didn't like my flowers, this morning; and what she meant by saying that I called her a cabbage-head. My Rose,—oh, to see her just a moment, and settle this cruel misunderstanding. She has no idea how I love her. (*Tragic attitude*) It is no use being so timorous and shy. Next time I see her alone, I am going to boldly assert my feelings in a perfectly frank and ingenuous manner—(*MILLION moves slightly*) What do I see. There, there, in that old chair, my darling sleeps. (*Bending over her, hand on heart*) There is no mistaking the droop of that lovely head. (*Attitude*) Dare I? I will—Faint heart ne'er won fair lady. (*Puts arm gently about MILLION, who stirs a little, sits up*)

MILLION. What soft arms now encircle me? Can it be that my little Olive has relented, and cannot but show her love? Now, now, when I had almost feared to speak? (*Turns to RICH, throws arms about him*)

RICH and MILLION (*together*). You dear girl.

(*BOTH jump up.*)

RICH. Who the deuce are you?

MILLION. What are you doing here? (*They wrestle*)

BOTH. Help—murder—thieves—fire—

FLYNN (*wakes, looks around easel*). Powers above. (*Trembles*) Orders is orders, but did I iver think I'd arrest ghosts?

ENTER KITTY with plate of chicken-salad.

KITTY. Oh, wirra, wirra. (*Sees FLYNN, who beckons her behind easel*) Oh, Mister Flynn, I came up to have some of the gents try this salad all right,—but wud the loikes uv thim ate the loikes uv this?

FLYNN. Aisy now—(*They sit on bench, peering around easel*)

RICH. See here, is it you, Million?

MILLION. Yes,—is that you, Rich?

RICH. Yes. Let's stop this scrapping, and talk things up a bit. (*They push back face-coverings and come C. F.*)

KITTY (*clinging to FLYNN*). Och, they're afther us!

FLYNN. Niver fear, darlin', I'm here. (*Arm about her; they listen*)

RICH. Million, let's see if we can't help one another. Here's Miss Rose Madder;—and a madder Rose never was. She maintains that I called her a cabbage-head.

MILLION. And Olive thinks I'm cruel, because I'm trying to make her give up that old still-life and do designing. So there you are.

RICH. Let's exchange girls this evening and each try to smooth out things for the other. See? You take Rose and tell her what a nice fellow I am, and—

MILLION. I see; and I'll do the same for you, talking to Olive. But now, how are we to know which is which?

KITTY (*emerging suddenly*). Good-avenin', gintlemin. Yez got on me nerves at firrst, but I see ye'r jist two nice byes wid troubles av yer own. Kin I hilp yez? I'm Kitty Duffy, the maid they had in to help for the studio-dance this avenin'.

RICH. Yes, Kitty, you see we're expecting two young

ladies, rigged in these same togs (*holding up sheet*) for a disguise. We have to choose partners for the dance, not knowing which lady is which, till we all throw aside our sheets, and come out in fancy dress.

KITTY. Sure, that's aisy enough. I do be goin' down now, to hilp thim dress, and I'll notice, by some way uv me own, and let yez know.

MILLION. All right; thank you, Kitty.

[EXIT KITTY R. R.]

(MILLION and RICH go L. R., stand together, whispering)

FLYNN (*aside*). Well now, things is gettin' more human-like; a love-affair—two av thim—includin' me own, three av thim: for if 'twas Kitty Duffy made this salad (*tasting*) begorry, I'm hers for life. (*Takes more salad*) There's toimes whin night duty ain't so bad.

ENTER KITTY, *running*.

KITTY (*to RICH and MILLION*). The young lady comin' first is the wan yez call "Rose," and jist afther her will be the wan called "Olive."

RICH. Good for you, Kitty!

(KITTY goes behind easel; tries to get plate from FLYNN; boxes his ears; they sit side by side, eat the salad, and smiling.)

ENTER OLIVE, *in sheet and pillow-case*. Comes front, pushes back drapery from face, brushes back hair, etc.

OLIVE. I wonder where Kitty is; the guests will all be here before I have a chance to see if the refreshments are right. (*Looks about, hastily covering face again as she spies the men*)

RICH (*aside*). There's my Rose; now, Million, see what you can do for me.

MILLION (*goes forward, bows*). Miss Rose Madder?

OLIVE (*aside*). What fun! He thinks I'm Rose. I don't see what made her act so queerly about coming in; she was 'way ahead of me, and then turned back and began to cry. Well, I'll keep this up and see what it comes to.

MILLION (*who has been uneasily fidgetting about, starting to rear, and then returning*). Miss Madder. (OLIVE stands motionless) Don't try to fool me; I know you are Miss Madder.

(*Other guests begin coming in, rear; one at a time; silently wave ghostly arms, and group themselves in rear. Among them SI and ANNA.*)

MILLION. This is a festive occasion, meant to be such, but sadness may lurk in the most festive scene. Just now, my friend Rich is the most unhappy man I know; except myself.

OLIVE. Except yourself? Why are you unhappy?

MILLION. Oh, Miss Rose, why dwell on that? Suffice it to say, that both my friend and myself have incurred the displeasure of two of the loveliest of girls. I cannot see why you should frown on poor Orville Rich—

OLIVE. I haven't. (*Laughs*)

MILLION. But he feels that you are somehow displeased.

OLIVE. And what have *you* done to Miss Olive Green?

MILLION. My dear lady, if I only knew—

OLIVE. And what have *you* done to Miss Olive Green?

MILLION. I would like an answer to that, myself. I suspect it is because I object to her wasting her time on that wretched still-life—

OLIVE (*stiffly*). I think it is very good still-life.

MILLION. It is good, because everything she does is good. (*OLIVE makes a motion of delight, then checks herself*) But she is such a little genius about designing.

OLIVE (*with interest*). Is that so?

MILLION. Indeed she has a rare gift for it. Professor Dothewurst says—

OLIVE. Never mind what he says; do *you* really think—

MILLION (*surprised*). Really, I had no idea you valued my opinion so much.

OLIVE. I didn't, before. But this changes things.

MILLION (*rather blankly*). Oh, well, I know that Miss Olive is the most original and artistic—

OLIVE. It's my opinion that had you talked to her that way—

MILLION. I was going to, and I was getting to it if she'd given me a chance. (*Slowly*) I—suppose—I—*didn't* begin right. But it was maddening to see her piling up that market-garden stuff, and when I tried to tell her it was beneath her art—

OLIVE (*forgetting herself*). You didn't say anything like that; you said, "I hate to see you do such poor things."

MILLION. Well, isn't that the same thing?

OLIVE (*contemptuously*). No.

MILLION. What do you know about it, anyway? has Olive been talking to you?

OLIVE. I—er—er—overheard some of the conversation.

MILLION. Whatever I said, that was what I meant; but she sailed out past me with her nose in the air—did you ever realize what a *beautiful* little nose she has?

OLIVE. Why no; I never thought she had a pretty nose.

MILLION. I'm surprised at you:—why, it's beautiful.

OLIVE. Glad you like it. Well, when she *and* her beautiful nose had gone, what then?

MILLION. Then, there was the most extraordinary stew—the worst kind of a stew, and oh!—

OLIVE. What?

MILLION. I'd forgotten, in all the commotion,—but my cloak's gone—my green velvet cloak.

OLIVE (*excitedly and jerkily—leaning toward him, and waving her draped arms*). Your green velvet cloak? Your green velvet cloak? Your green *velvet* cloak?

MILLION. Yes, yes; I have on a Walter Raleigh suit under this rig, and I was to wear a cloak; and then I'd planned such a nice little effect when we unmasked;—I was going to spread the cloak before Miss Green, with a low bow, to show her that she was queen of my heart. Now, (*sadly*) it's all spoiled.

OLIVE. Perhaps not. Suppose, now, she were to spread the cloak before *you*?

MILLION (*excitedly*). I'd *know* she loved me, then; but that's past hoping for. But oh, Miss Madder, here I am talking about my own affairs, and not saying a word about poor Orville Rich. Try to be kind to him, won't you? Don't turn away from the one who loves you.

OLIVE (*softly, laughing*). I won't. But oh, I forgot; the guests are all coming, and I am not receiving them. (*They go rear, business of waving draped arms, laughing, pairing off for dance, etc.* ROSE and RICH come front, talking earnestly)

RICH. My dear Miss Green, I hope I have succeeded in proving to you that a better fellow than Vere de Vere Million never lived. I should not like to see him so unhappy as I am at this moment—

(*Confusion in rear of room; some cries, laughter.*)

FIRST GUEST. 'Tis not so; ask Rich.

ALL. Rich, Rich, where are you? *which* are you?

RICH (*to ROSE*). Excuse me. (*To others*) What is it? (*Goes rear to guests; more low talking; laughter*)

ROSE (*pushing back draperies from face, arranging hair, etc.*). I'm glad to get this hot thing off my face for a minute, and breathe. But what fun this is. He seems to think I'm Olive; well, let him think so; perhaps I shall find out now why he treated me so. (*Pushes back draperies as RICH returns, laughing*)

RICH. They wanted to know if it was true that the dummy and the Antique head had a fight here this morning. Well, I was saying that Million was very unhappy about you. May I confide my own trouble, now?

ROSE. Yes.

RICH. This morning, I felt that I must let Miss Madder know how much I—ah—well, I'd rather not say *that* right out before I say it to her. But,—you know—

ROSE. I know. (*Aside*) Dear old thing.

RICH. So, to sort of prepare her, you know, I brought in a bunch of American Beauty roses—see? Her name's Rose, and she's like a rose, and so I tried to say, in a note which I left. (*ROSE starts violently*) After that, I—er—

ROSE (*slyly*). I suppose you went out, then.

RICH. I—er—er—that isn't what I did.

ROSE. Do you think she received the roses?

RICH. She certainly received the note; I—er—*heard* so; but she goes about, saying that I called her a "cabbage head." What am I to think?

ROSE (*eagerly*). Think that she made a mistake, that probably she's awfully sorry, and anxious to make up with you, somehow.

RICH. That's too much like heaven to be true.

SI (*running about, waving arms*). Well, well, where's the music? aren't the ghosts going to dance?

(*Quadrille music—any square dance,—begin for two sets —general outcry.*)

ALL. We're a couple short; two people didn't come.

FLYNN and KITTY (*coming out*). If it will help, we'll fill out a set.

ALL. Good. Come on, etc.

(*Dance. At end of dance, KITTY runs about, collecting sheets and pillow-cases which the guests hastily take off, emerging in fancy costumes. ALL curtsy or bow to their partners, laughing, pair off in couples, scatter about*)



rear of stage. KITTY runs off with sheets and returns. begins to serve refreshments, assisted by the men.)

ROSE (coming F. hurriedly with OLIVE). Olive, those roses you found this morning belong to me—they were left there for me—and I want them, quick.

OLIVE. Oh, I beg your pardon,—and I want something to carry out my own costume, too; come on.

[EXIT ROSE and OLIVE.]

RICH (coming F. with MILLION). Well, old chap, I'm afraid it's no use. Our fair damosels won't even stay in the same room with us.

MILLION. I know. If we can't be happy, we can perhaps be good; so let's go back and do the civil thing to the company.

RICH. It's hard, old man. (They turn; RICH goes rear.)

ENTER OLIVE, comes F. with green velvet cloak, spreads it before MILLION with low curtsey, looks up at him, laughing. Tableau.

(KITTY and FLYNN go around behind easel, peer around at them.)

FLYNN. Kitty, there's a model for ye.

(KITTY chases him out R.; THEY return slyly with more salad, sit on bench and eat it, all but the lettuce-leaves.)

MILLION. Olive, my dear girl, what does this mean?

OLIVE. It means, sir, that I can hear amazingly well through a sheet.

(THEY put the cloak on, around them both, and go L. F., behind pedestal.)

ENTER ROSE, roses on her arm. Goes F., looks around pitifully. RICH hurries to her.

ROSE. Mr. Rich, I have not yet thanked you for these beautiful roses. Is it too late to say how I appreciate them, and that I am sorry I have only one rose to offer you in return?

RICH. ONE ROSE.—Miss Madder,—Rose—do you really mean it? (She takes a rose, lays it across her heart and gives it to him. He holds it and her hand, looking at her. Tableau. Behind the easel. KITTY and FLYNN burlesque them with lettuce)

SI. Come, come, let's have another dance. Where are you all?

ANNA. Where are they all? (*Runs behind easel*) Oh—  
beg pardon, I'm sure.

SI (*at the same moment dodging around pedestal*). My,  
my, what a loving world this is, to be sure.

(ROSE and RICH, OLIVE and MILLION, SI and ANNA, KITTY  
and FLYNN, all form half-circle. GUESTS in a line be-  
hind them.)

ROSE. Such a happy ending to a most trying day.

SI. It was a reg'lar stew.

OLIVE. A cabbage-stew, hey, Rose?

FLYNN. I think mesilf, 'twas an Irish stew.

MUSIC: Old Tune—"My Father and Mother were Irish."

CHORUS: "We won't go Home until Morning"—  
Oh, this is the Dothewurst Sketch Club,  
Oh, this is the Dothewurst Sketch Club,  
Oh, this is the Dothewurst Sketch Club;  
And what was all the stew?

"A man got into a tight-box."  
And that was all the stew.

SI. "There was a girl in a temper, "etc."

CHORUS: And that was all the stew.

ANNA. "There was a snoring old image, etc."

CHORUS: And that was all the stew.

ALL. "There was a misunderstanding, etc."

And that was all the stew.

(*Orchestra continues playing this melody in waltz time.*  
*All pair off, and waltz around the stage, red lights—*)

CURTAIN.

# PHYLLIS'S INHERITANCE

*A Comedy in Three Acts, by Frank H. Bernard*

PRICE 25 CENTS

## CHARACTERS

PHILIP MORNINGSIDE, a promising New York Attorney.  
MAJOR PHILANDER MUMFORD, a Veteran of '61.  
PIERRE MARQUETTE, of Paris and New York.  
PATRICK MCONEY, M. P., Secretary of the Home Rule Association.  
PETER MARTIN, a timid young man with a desire to be "sporty."  
PAUL MARVEL, a private detective.  
PHYLLIS MORNINGSIDE, Philip's up-to-date wife with ambitions.  
PHOEBE MARTINGALE, has been a widow on four occasions.  
PENELOPE MUMFORD, a veritable "butter-in" at all times.  
PATRICE MUMFORD, her only child. She has just "come out."  
ANGELA }  
ALICE } Trio of Vassar "bright lights."  
AMY }  
PANSY, a housemaid of the "fresh" variety.  
PATIENCE, who also assumes "domestic" affairs.

TWO SCENES, ONE INTERIOR AND ONE EXTERIOR.

TIME OF REPRESENTATION—Two hours.

Phyllis, wife of Philip, is to inherit the fortune of a deceased East Indian uncle, provided she marries his adopted son, who presumably is about to visit her. Being already married and most desirous of obtaining the fortune, she conceals the matter from her husband. Two men call upon her bearing introductory letters which she does not read, supposing each in turn to be the adopted son. The subtleties she invents to account for their presence lead to many perplexing mistakes, which are finally satisfactorily arranged when it transpires that her husband is identified as the adopted son.

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# THE RED ROSETTE

A WESTERN DRAMA IN THREE ACTS, BY GORDON V. MAY

PRICE 25 CENTS

A typical drama of the Far West. The Major in command of a military fort advertises in New York papers for a wife, and elicits a response from a rich middle-aged lady. As a means of identification, each is to wear a red rosette. The lady arrives accompanied by her niece. The rosettes get into other hands, resulting in complications both ludicrous and serious. The niece is abducted and rescued by a young officer, a previous West Point acquaintance. The results are obvious. This play offers fine opportunities for character parts, and is replete with startling situations.

## CHARACTERS

MAJOR PHILANDER BRAGGS, who owns one rosette.....Character  
MISS OPHELIA SKIDDER, who owns the opposite rosette.....Old Lady  
LIEUT. PHILIP MANLEY, who gets the Major's rosette.....Lead  
CLARE BROOKS, who gets the other rosette.....Lead  
ROBERT RUTHVAN, who gets into trouble.....Heavy  
DANDY DAVIS, who gets his deserts.....Heavy  
TOM SCOTT, Sheriff, who gets his man.....Straight  
POP BOWLEY, who gets some boarders.....Straight  
KITTY BOWLEY, who gets Tom Scott.....Ingenué

THREE SCENES, TWO INTERIOR AND ONE EXTERIOR.

TIME OF REPRESENTATION—Two hours.

# The Triple Wedding

## A Drama in Three Acts

By Charles Barnard

PRICE 15 CENTS

Four male, four female characters. A self-made man, two lawyers, a would-be author, three young ladies and a maidservant. Time of playing. 1 hour. 3 interior scenes.

### SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS.

ACT I.—Poverty. Buttonholes, four cents a dozen. A diffident lover. The uncle's will. Greenfield discovers his parentage. His sacrifice.

ACT II.—The search for the heir. The young lover's expectations. The man with no name. A new tombstone. Clara accepts the inheritance.

ACT III.—The missing heir is found. He discovers his father. Greenfield and Clara. The triple wedding.

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# ERIN GO BRAGH

## IRISH DRAMA IN THREE ACTS

By BERNARD F. MOORE

PRICE 25 CENTS

Five male, four female characters. Eccentric old man, character heavy, leading juvenile, walking gentleman, character comedy. Leading juvenile lady, walking lady, heavy character, soubrette. The action is dramatic throughout, with a startling climax. Time of playing, 2 hours. 1 interior, 2 exterior scenes.

### SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS.

ACT I.—The convict's escape. O'Brien's betrayal. The truce.

ACT II.—"Erin go bragh!" Trapped. The forced promise.

ACT III.—The rebel's pardon. The promise redeemed. Death of Brannigan. Revelation.

# Plays for Female Characters

**CHEERFUL COMPANION, A** 15 cents. A duologue for two female characters, adapted from a Character Sketch by INA LEON CASSILIS. Parlor scene. Time, 25 minutes. A lady of refinement advertised for a cheerful, musical companion, a good reader. She has one applicant, who proves to be fearfully doleful, garrulous over disappointed love failures, and an unmitigated bore. A fine scope for character delineation.

**CRANFORD DAMES.** 15 cents. A play for 8 or 14 female characters, by ALICE BYINGTON. 2 interior scenes. Costumes of sixty years ago. Time of playing, 1½ hours. A clever adaptation of Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford," which is perhaps one of the finest pieces of humorous writing within the entire range of English fiction. The delicate pathos, the subtle humor, the quaint atmosphere of the book have been well preserved in the play, and the result is a series of episodes almost wholly devoid of that element called plot, but possessed, none the less, of a charm that cannot fail to please the audience. The piece is easily managed, and will prove a strong attraction for young ladies' representations.

**GERTRUDE MASON, M.D.; or, The Lady Doctor.** 15 cents. A farce in 1 act for 7 female characters, by L. M. C. ARMSTRONG. Plain room scene or no scene at all. Runs 30 minutes. An exceedingly bright piece for young ladies, in which young *Dr. Gertrude*, already a victim of circumstances, is made the victim of a practical joke. The scenes with *Mrs. Van Style*, who mistakes the doctor for a pawnbroker, and *Miss Jane Simpkins*, who brings a sick dog to be cured, are hilarious, while *Nora*, an Irish cook, is deliciously droll. The cook is the star of the piece, but all the personages are vivacious and every situation bristles with fun.

**LOVE AND A WAY.** 15 cents. A comedy in 3 acts and 1 scene, by EVELYN SIMMS. 4 female characters. Scene, a sitting-room. Time, 1¼ hours. *Phyllis*, a young girl, loving and beloved by *Jack Pemberton*, a rich young man, refuses to marry him because her maiden aunts consent and every one wishes it. *Jack* is reported to have lost his fortune, and now she wants to marry *Jack*, with whom her aunts forbid any communication. By the aid of her friend *Beatrice* an elopement is planned and carried out, and a most surprising climax is sprung upon the audience.

**MAIDENS ALL FORLORN.** 15 cents. A comedy in 3 acts and 1 scene, by EVELYN SIMMS. 6 female characters. Scene, a parlor in a seaside cottage. Time, 1½ hours. Three young girls chafing under the monotony of a man-forsaken resort, write *Teddy* to come and visit them. *Teddy* cannot come, but answers that his friend *Dr. Jocelyn Denby* will come and help while away the time. Great preparations are made for his reception, including much interest by a *Maiden Aunt*. Each prepares a present to bestow on the *Doctor*, and feigns an ailment to interest him. The *Doctor* arrives—a woman. The climax, deftly worked out, is sprung on the audience at the last moment, and insures the play a complete success. The characters are all good, the *Maiden Aunt* and *Mrs. Maloney* are great character parts.

**MURDER WILL OUT.** 15 cents. A farce in 1 act, for 6 female characters, by L. M. ELWYN. Time, 30 minutes. A breezy and effective farce, in which half a dozen bright girls can delight an audience with half an hour of innocent fun. *Grandmother Stiles* and her demure but frolicsome granddaughter are excellent characters; *Dinah*, the colored cook, is amusing, and *Bridget O'Flaherty* is a funny Irish girl—her quarrel with *Dinah* being exceedingly laughable. The attempts of *Lena* and her merry friends, *May* and *Minnie*, to hoodwink the old lady, and their final exposure, will keep the audience in a ripple of laughter. No scenery required.

**SOCIAL ASPIRATIONS.** 15 cents. A comedy in 1 act and 2 scenes, by HELEN SHERMAN GRIFFITH. 5 female characters. Bedroom scene afterwards transformed into a parlor. Plays about 45 minutes. A highly entertaining comedy in which *Mrs. Chick* and her two daughters from the United States are in Paris, bent on an extended tour, but meet with a *Countess*, who proposes to introduce them into fashionable society. They feel flattered and make a great fuss over the *Countess*, who turns out to be a lady's maid dressed in her mistress' finery, and is betrayed by the housemaid of the *pension*. Disillusionment and exciting climax.

**MY AUNT'S HEIRESS.** 15 cents. A comedy in 1 act. 11 female characters. Parlor scene. Modern costumes. Time, 1 hour. Has a "Cinderella" sort of plot in which a rich widow adopts a ruse to decide which of her seven nieces shall inherit her fortune. It shows that envy and jealousy don't pay, and that striving to make others happy is the best way to gain happiness for ourselves. Two of the characters can be played by one girl. No scenery required.

# THE EAST SIDERS

A Comedy Drama in Three Acts, by ANTHONY E. WILLS

PRICE, 25 CENTS

## CHARACTERS

EMIL SCHULTZ, an old tailor.....Old German  
PAUL ALBERS, in his employ.....Character Heavy  
JAMES KEEGAN, a typical New Yorker.....Comedy  
ROBERT PERRY, an actor.....Lead  
DANIEL JARVIS, a prosperous merchant.....Character old man  
CLARENCE FROTHINGHAM, a dry-goods clerk.....Dude  
OFFICER McNALLY, a policeman.....Comedy  
OTTO WERNER, a street musician.....German comedy  
MRS. SCHULTZ, the tailor's wife.....Old lady comedy  
EDNA SCHULTZ, her daughter.....Lead  
LIEUTENANT BROCKWAY, a Salvation lassie.....Straight  
DOLLY HAMMOND, who lives upstairs.....Soubrette

ONE INTERIOR STAGE-SETTING.—TIME, 2 Hours.

## SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS

ACT I.—New Year's Eve. Paul Albers arrives, expecting to marry Edna. Mr. Jarvis hears some plain truths. The mistake of Clarence. The mortgage. The marriage of Edna and Perry announced. Edna driven from home.

ACT II.—July, eighteen months later. Jarvis opens the big store. McNally receives a scare. Paul's gambling. Good advice thrown away. The overdue mortgage. Paul's theft. Edna accused.

ACT III.—October, three months later. The distress of Schultz. Sheriff in charge. Edna's operatic success. An obdurate father. Arrest of Paul. Some lively bidding. Dolly's purchase. Schultz relents. Everybody happy.

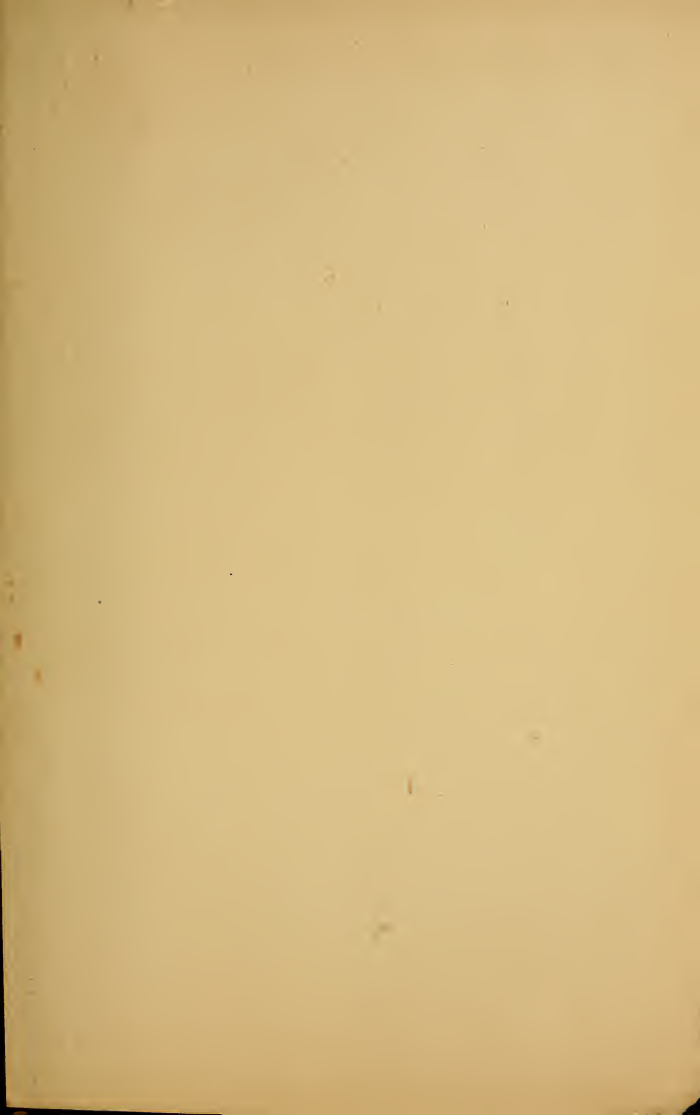
# ROCKY FORD

A Western Drama in Four Acts

By BURTON L. SPILLER

PRICE, 25 CENTS

Eight male (2 may double), three female characters. One exterior, two interior scenes. Time, 2 hours. The action revolves around the theft of a will by a gentlemanly villain, whereby Jack, a young ranchman (lead), nearly loses not only a fortune, but also his affianced bride. Jack's two cowboy friends come to his rescue, however, and through their timely interference the plan to defraud him is foiled. A Kentucky major and a middle-aged spinster have excellent comedy parts.



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